

## SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

—AT—  
**G. A. NASH'S**

Don't fail to see Nash's line of Holiday goods. Fancy articles, Chinaware, Toy dolls, All sorts of presents for all sorts of people. Prices no higher than on other goods. Ladies hats, Dress goods, shoes, Gent's furnishing and all goods in our regular line in profusion  
**Give Us a Call.**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

### TO THE PUBLIC:

What more beautiful, more appropriate, or less expensive XMAS GIFT than a first class Photograph of yourself or family, framed or unframed. For new styles and prices call on

**THE GOTTLEIB STUDIO**  
FLOOR ABOVE TEAPOT GROCERY  
"Babies Quick as a Wink."



One of W. F. Hamilton's deep well drilling outfits. Deep wells for drainage or water sunk in any part of the state. If you contemplate putting down a well, write me for estimate, giving size and probable depth. I am prepared to carry out all contracts up to 3000 feet deep.  
W. F. HAMILTON, Ocala, Fla.

## C. I. GRACE

Dealer in

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, KILN DRIED FLOORING, CEILING AND SIDING, LATHE, SHINGLES AND BRICK.

Manufacturer of

TURNED BALLUSTERS, CASINGS, NEWELS, COLUMNS, DOOR AND WINDOW FRAMES, MANTLES, CHURCH SEATS, PULPITS, SCHOOL DESKS AND SEATS COMBINED, AND TABLES. I AM CONSTANTLY RECEIVING LUMBER AND CAN FILL ORDERS FOR ANY QUANTITIES AND SIZES. PROMPTNESS A SPECIALTY.

Nine-Tenths of all the People Suffer from a Diseased Liver.

## HERBINE.

Pure Juices from Natural Roots.

REGULATES the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Cleanses the System, Purifies the Blood.

CURES Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Weak Stomach and Impaired Digestion.

Every Bottle Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

LARGE BOTTLE, . . . SMALL DOSE.  
Price, 50 Cents.

Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis, Mo.

For sale by the Anti-Monopoly Drugstore and all other leading drugstores

## FRESH MEATS AND GAME

We keep on hand a full line of the best Beef, Pork, Mutton and Sausage to be had. Game in season. Fresh Vegetables, etc. Careful attention to orders and quick delivery made.

CITY MARKET

W. L. JONES, Proprietor.

## The Reverie Of Santa Claus

By P. J. TANSEY

[Copyright, 1903, by P. J. Tansey.]

My pack is filled, my reindeer wait impatient for the rising moon  
To light the road to Youngsterland,  
On which I must be speeding soon.



My heart is filled with Christmas joy,  
I laugh in once-a-year delight  
To think what pleasure I shall bring  
To countless boys and girls tonight.

Two griefs were mine, but long they're gone;  
One that the bad, bad child must cry  
On Christmas morn to rise and find  
Empty the sock that I'd passed by.



But once I thought what good were games  
And candies, picture books and toys  
If I should blindly give them out  
To cross, unruly girls or boys!

Who would grow good as Christmas came  
If naughty Joe or sulky Sal  
Were sure to get as good from me  
As bright, obedient Sue and Hal?



My other woe was hard to bear,  
Yet for it comfort soon I found—  
It was that Christmas work did not  
Employ me all the year around.



But somewhere in a book I read  
That sameness is a trying care,  
That too much sweetness ever cloy  
And pleasures are the best when rare.

And what would hap to Easter day,  
And to the Fourth's bing-bang and drum,  
If every night through chimney pipe  
Old Santa Claus should sneak-  
ing come?

Too much sweetness ever cloy.  
No, no; I'll spoil no sport for these,  
The children good who trust in me,  
Though for the unbelievers bad  
I have no love, as they shall see.

Ho, here's the moon! Away, away,  
With jingling bells and reins in hand!  
Stretch to the gallop, Dash and Sweep,  
Over the road to Youngsterland!



## LIGHTNING IN THE ROCKIES

It Is One Continuous, Dazzling, Awe Inspiring Performance.

If the reader of this has never been in a mountain thunderstorm at an elevation of 7,000 feet or more he has missed an experience that will doubtless should he ever pass through it add several gray hairs to his head. To me a thunderstorm back east held no special terrors, and frequently I have been out in such a demonstration without feeling any especial nervousness. Up here on the Rocky mountains things are different, and I confess now to live in awful, abject terror of a thunderstorm, especially at night, in my tent. I suffer this terror notwithstanding the fact that so far the storms have in every instance except one gone around or beneath us without even raining enough to wet the ground. But it is the "going around and beneath" that gets on to my nerves. In the first place imagine what it is to be one and one-half miles nearer a rip roaring thunderstorm than one is at Pittsburgh. There you have occasional flashes of lightning; here it is one continuous, dazzling, awe inspiring performance. The lightning strikes, too, for it is no uncommon thing during a storm to hear the rocks splintering and cracking where one especially vigorous bolt has landed.

Add to this nerve racking exhibit the most awful detonations of thunder that you can imagine and a "straight blowing" wind that sometimes makes the flaps of your tent play a ragtime melody, and you have some idea of a mountain thunderstorm. The thunder is worse than the sound of a mighty battle. It bangs up against the mountain side and reverberates and rolls off into one ear splitting concussion after another until you, lying quaking in your tent, fully believe that the next "boom" will split the mountain and valley in twain and land you in China or some other seaport town.

I lay one night and with chattering teeth counted five distinct thunderstorms come up to the edge of the plateau on which my tent stands and each time go through with an electrical performance that would give a stone man a dumb ague, and through it all not a cupful of water fell on my tent. Later on in the night, when I had about regained something like my usual majestic calm of mind, it began to rain steadily, and the thunder and lightning didn't even whisper. They had doubtless gone off down the canyon, scaring some other poor tenderfoot half out of his wits. These electrical displays are not seemingly much dreaded by the people who live in high altitudes. They comfortably declare that a tornado or cyclone is unknown in the mountains. But sometimes these mountain storms go off through a canyon to the foothills and the plains. Then there is something doing.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

### Odd Things Sold in New York.

Drinking water is sold by the barrel to tramp steamers, sailing vessels and pilot boats.

Kisses may be bought occasionally at church fairs.

Reduced gentlemen sell their social influence, acquaintanceship and knowledge of good manners in the guise of chaperons.

Superstitious persons buy relics of prisoners condemned to death, and abnormally curious persons buy personal belongings of notorious prisoners from jail employees.

Astrologers and fortune tellers sell rabbits' feet, madstones and moonstones.

Hairdressers and ladies' maids are frequently offered money for locks of hair from the heads of famous society beauties and popular actresses.

The big hotels sell unspoiled scraps of food to cheap restaurants.

Florists sell four leaf clover for good luck.—New York Press.

### A Fashionable Woman's Confession.

Nobody finds it more difficult to spare time for reading than the very idle, yet every woman in society religiously orders every new book from her library, even though she sends most of them back without having even cut the leaves. If it is a book every one is talking about she skims through the opening chapters, dismissing the volume with a single observation at a dinner party and forgetting everything about it a month after she has returned it. Most of us remember the books of our youth, but if any one were to ask me the titles of the novels I read a couple of years ago no definite impression would be aroused.—"A Countess" in London Telegraph.

### Sounded Bigger.

Merchant—That new clerk of yours refused an offer from me. How did you induce him to come to you?

Smoothie—Perhaps you didn't offer him enough.

Merchant—I told him his wages would be \$10 to start.

Smoothie—Ah! I told him his salary would be \$10 to start.—Philadelphia Press.

### The Extent of His Interest.

"They say your new son-in-law is a handsome fellow."

"I never looked to see."

"That's strange."

"Not at all. My daughter picked him out, and all I had to do was to pay for him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Reassuring.

"But how can I be sure," said the beautiful heiress, "that you do not want me merely for my money?"

"Darling," replied the duke, "if I can have you I shall never worry about money any more."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Money is not the balance of power, gentlemen. There are those scales in which an ounce of integrity is worth a ton of gold.—Schoolmaster.

## Christmas PRESENTS.

What is more appreciative than a hand made  
**CHRISTMAS GIFT?**

We have everything new in spool filo and fancy stamped hemstitched Linens.

ALSO

**Embroidery -:- Hoops.**

Make your selection early, before the silks and designs have been picked over. Always a well kept stock of HATS.

MRS. LUCIE F. B. EATON.

## THE NEW RACKET or "The Holiday Ark."

—OCALA'S CHEAPEST STORE—

Has the largest, prettiest, cheapest and most varied stock of Xmas and holiday goods in the city. We have everything one wants in the way of a present. It is Santa Claus' toy land.



We have a complete line of Shoes, Hosiery, Hats, Caps, Jackets, Capes and Clothing for men, boys, women and children. A complete line of fine Dress Goods, Domestic and Notions. For the quality we have the cheapest. Men and Boys Suits in the city. See us before buying your hats and caps. We lead in jewelry and handkerchiefs. THE NEW RACKET. Next door to The Broadway Millinery Store, the great millinery emporium.

WE WANT YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN NOW FROM MARION AND ADJOINING COUNTIES AT THE

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